And graceleſſe Traitour to her louing Lord?
I am a ſham'd that women are ſo ſimple,
To offer warre, where they ſhould kneele for peace;
Or ſeeke for rule, ſupremacie, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerue, loue, and obay.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weake, and ſmooth,
Vnapt to toyle, and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions, and our harts.
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reaſon haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I ſee our Launces are but ſtrawes:
Our ſtrength as weake, our weakeneſſe paſt compare,
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vale your ſtomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he pleaſe,
My hand is readie may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why ther's a wench: come on, and kiſſe me *Kate.*
Luc. Well go thy wayes old Lad for thou ſhalt ha't.
Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.
Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.
Pet. Come *Kate*, wee'l to bed,
We three are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the wager though you hit the white.
And being a winner, God giue you good night,

Exit Petruchio.

Horten. Now go thy wayes thou haſt tam'd a curſt Shrow.
Luc. 'Tis a wonder by your leaue, ſhe will tam'd ſo.

FINIS.